

CORNHUSKER ITEMS

News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points Throughout Nebraska.

OF INTEREST TO ALL READERS

J. G. Ludlam has been appointed postmaster at Lincoln.

President Wilson has nominated Herbert S. Daniel for postmaster at Omaha.

Mack G. Warrington has been nominated register of the land office at Broken Bow.

The twelfth annual session of the state farmers congress will be held at Omaha December 14 to 16.

A postal card mailed at Lincoln eight years ago to a lady at Colorado Springs, reached its destination last week.

The largest wolf ever seen in Pawnee county was killed by hounds in a pasture near Pawnee City last week.

Dr. Fred Brother, aged 89, said to be the oldest free mason in the state, died last week at his home in Beatrice.

Seward L. Mains, postmaster at Crete, has resigned his position and will report at Fort Omaha as a second lieutenant.

In full view of many onlookers an unidentified man suicided by leaping from a bridge into the Missouri river at Omaha.

The Fremont rotary club has stocked the sandpits near that place with 50,000 fish, procured from the state hatcheries.

The Fremont Commercial club has asked the Nebraska representatives in congress to urge an extension of credit to the farmers.

A Beatrice cafe proprietor found a roll of nearly \$500 on the floor of his place of business. The owner has not applied for it.

C. C. Smith of Exeter was elected president of the State Manufacturers' association at the session held in Omaha last week.

Citizens of Beatrice who brought suit to enjoin the collection of paving taxes lost out. The amount in question was nearly \$50,000.

Nebraska nuns are planning the establishing of a home where orphan and homeless boys may find a retreat in congenial and suitable surroundings.

Fire Chief Harry Whiteside, who was overcome by smoke while fighting a fire in a printing plant at Beatrice, has recovered and is again at his post.

There are 35 counties in the state without public libraries of any kind, according to Miss Nellie Williams, secretary of the state library commission.

The Lincoln traction company has been granted a raise in street car rates and will get 8 cents fare, or 30 cents for four fares, with 5 cents for transfers.

State university fraternities will combat high prices by refusing to patronize hotels, cafes, movies, dances and other places until prices are reduced.

Fire, starting in the Piezall bakery at York, threatened destruction of an entire business block for a time. Two of the firemen were overcome by smoke.

Four business houses at Burchard were entered by burglars who escaped on a velocipede which they stole from the Burlington railroad. They left the machine at Pawnee City.

The Hobb Motors company and the Patriot Motors company, two Lincoln corporations, have been held to be insolvent in a decision made by United States Judge T. C. Munger.

At the state sheriff's association meeting at Grand Island last week Carl Quinton of Plattsmouth was elected president for the ensuing year and Peter Duffy of O'Neill, secretary-treasurer.

The new Platte county courthouse at Columbus was dedicated last week by the Masonic grand lodge. Grand Master Frandenberg of Omaha and Grand Custodian Robert E. French of Kearney had charge of the services.

The Western Older Boys "Hi-Y" conference at North Platte last week was attended by delegates from Kearney, Elm Creek, Lexington, Cozad, Wellfleet, Maxwell, Ft. McPherson, Stapleton, Brady Island and Farnam.

The Richland State bank was looted of bonds, valuable papers and possibly some cash by bandits one night last week. Wire communication with the town was severed and the place was practically isolated from the outside world.

The Cass County Farm Bureau, co-operating with the state and national organizations, is planning a big membership drive for the week of December 13.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mikleson celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at Seward last week. They were married in Omaha in 1879 and later home-stayed in Seward county.

George Knight of Fairbury was almost instantly killed when the motorcycle he was riding ran into a chain used as a gate to the city park, hitting him below the chin and severing his windpipe.

Thirty-four organizations of farmers, livestock breeders and related industries are scheduled to meet in Lincoln during the week of Organized Agriculture, January 3 to 7.

Western Nebraska is experiencing the mildest December in ten years, the average temperature during the day time at Alliance having been around fifty degrees for over a week.

The first death from anthrax, reported in Omaha for some time, was recorded by the health department, in the case of Patrick Spellman, 60, laborer, who died from that cause at the City Emergency hospital.

NEBRASKA RELIEF COUNCIL.

Organized to Help Feed the Starving Children of Europe.

Omaha.—For the purpose of assisting to feed 3,500,000 children in Europe who will die of starvation this winter unless America feeds them, the Nebraska relief council has just been organized by the state committees of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Y. W. C. A., Church Federation, Friends' Service association, American Relief association and the Jewish relief. The organization was perfected at a meeting in Omaha last Monday, at which representatives of the eight state-wide organizations chose G. W. Wattles of Omaha chairman and L. W. Trester executive secretary. The council will conduct a campaign during the holidays for \$300,000, every cent of which is to be used for the children of Europe.

The Nebraska campaign is to be waged as a portion of the nationwide campaign of which Herbert Hoover is chairman. The organization through which Mr. Hoover carried on the great relief work in Europe immediately following the war will be utilized for this work among the children of Europe.

"Unless America feeds and clothes these children this winter they will die," said Mr. Wattles, reading from a telegram from Mr. Hoover.

"This is the last campaign in which America will be called upon to assist Europe," said Mr. Wattles. "And this is for the children. Not a cent goes to grown folks—it's for the little children. They must not be left to starve."

Arrangements were made to organize the European Relief council in every county in the state. Representatives of each of the eight organizations which have merged into the European Relief council will get together in each county immediately and will arrange to conduct a local campaign beginning at once and ending with the year.

The Norfolk canning factory has been closed down until next January due to lack of buying on the part of jobbers.

Dr. Harold Gifford, Omaha eye specialist, is going to South America to spend several months studying eyes of birds and reptiles.

The Farmers' State bank of Verdon is a new banking institution, which has made application for a charter from the state banking bureau.

An explosion in the gas plant at Kearney set fire to the building and caused a damage of \$60,000. The shock of the explosion was felt all over the city.

Replies to a questionnaire sent to county agricultural agents by the college of agriculture indicate that between a third and a fourth of the corn crop was still in the field December 1.

The Gothenburg Community club has decided to bring some of the big musical attractions to Gothenburg this winter and the first number will be the Polish pianist, Leopold Godowsky.

The report of State Land Commissioner Dan Swanson shows a total increase of \$103,467.68 in receipts from lands leased and lands sold by the state for the two years ending November 30.

Nebraska university is now a full-fledged member of the Missouri Valley Conference, ready to comply with all the rules of the organization and will compete for the football championship in 1921.

Nebraska will be required to enlist 6,400 officers and men for the national guard in the next four years, according to a statement just issued by Adjutant General Paul, who has plans for the reorganization of the guard almost completed.

Patrolman Joe Treglia is to be given the first medal awarded under a new plan for rewarding extraordinary bravery and efficiency in the police department at Omaha. Treglia thwarted an arson plot to destroy a restaurant and rooming house in that city, by carrying out of the building several blazing basins filled with inflammable material and oil soaked shavings.

Walter E. Anderson, an Ogallala cowboy, rode all the way from that place to Omaha, a distance of 300 miles, on his pony, to join the army, but was turned down for a slight physical blemish. Claiming to be a champion rifle and revolver shot of all the cowboys in the west, skeptical recruiting sergeants escorted him to the basement of the army building, and handing him an army Colt, told him to "show something." At thirty paces he hit a twenty-five cent piece four times out of four, and put out a lighted candle twice out of four shots and was enlisted for three years' service at Honolulu.

Plattsmouth business men are making efforts to obtain city mail delivery service for that place.

At a special election held in Wyoming last week, voters by a majority of 324 adopted the referendum. It is believed that as a result of its adoption the question of Sunday moving picture shows will soon be brought up.

Under the new National guard reorganization plan approved by the war department, Fort Crook is headquarters of Seventh Army corps area, which includes Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota and both Dakotas.

More than 10,000 farmers have joined the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation in the last month. Nine counties have conducted membership campaigns and several more are now in the midst of adding new members.

Potato growers at Kearney, on the market for about 30,000 bushels of seed potatoes, were relying on the fields of western Nebraska to supply their needs. It now appears they will buy Minnesota seed instead. The growers have learned that it will cost 53 cents a bushel to ship seed potatoes from Alliance to that point, as no commodity rate is available to them.

PRESIDENT SENDS MESSAGE.

Urges Legislation that Will Make Democracy a Permanency and a Power.

Washington.—President Wilson in his message called on congress to enact a program of legislation which he said would put the United States in the forefront of a movement to make the spiritual power of democracy prevail throughout the world.

In his final regular message to congress, which was sent to the two houses Tuesday by messenger, the president said there are two ways in which the United States can lead in establishing the doctrine of "right makes might" in the world. These ways, he said, are:

"First, by offering the example within her own borders of the will and power of democracy to make and enforce laws which are unquestionably just and which are equal in their administration.

"Second, by standing for right and justice toward individual nations."

He did not mention the peace treaty nor the league of nations in his message, but submitted the following program to carry out the aims he outlined:

Immediate passage of the budget bill; strictest economy in government appropriations; immediate revision of tax laws; adequate provision for disabled soldiers and sailors; a government loan to Armenia; granting of independence to the Philippines.

TEACHER SHORTAGE SERIOUS.

Not One-Fifth Enough Pegagogs to Fill New Vacancies.

Washington.—Between 300,000 and 400,000 children were deprived of schooling last year as a direct result of the shortage of teachers, according to estimates made by P. P. Claxton, federal commissioner of education, in his annual report. No relief for the situation is seen by the commissioner, who added that while from 110,000 to possibly 150,000 new teachers would be needed during the coming year, "we shall have at the outside, 30,000 prepared teachers to fill vacancies or a deficit of at least \$0,000."

Nebraska and Iowa Patents.

Omaha, Neb.—Official list of letters patent issued from the United States Patent Office at Washington to residents of Iowa and Nebraska for the month of November as reported by Sturges & Sturges, patent attorneys, 432 Peters Trust building, is as follows: Frank H. Lee, Elgin, Neb., toy aeroplane; John Dolan, Hastings, Neb., railway rail fastener; Anthony C. Rader, Alta, Ia., feeder for fountain pens; Wilmer G. Buck, Fremont, Neb., valve rotor for engines; Geo. W. Holtzclaw, Gowrie, Ia., seed corn stringer; Geo. P. Connealy, Decatur, Neb., collapsible truck body.

Widespread Industrial Depression.

New York.—Official reports from forty-five states reveal a widespread industrial depression, in spite of which no serious or general unemployment has as yet developed the national industrial conference board declared in a statement issued here. This situation has developed when seasonal agricultural employment is at its lowest ebb in most sections, with indications that unemployment slowly is increasing, it was stated.

Withdrawal of Troops a Preliminary.

New York.—England must withdraw all British troops from Ireland and liberate all political prisoners as a preliminary to restore peace in Ireland, Eamon De Valera, "president of the Irish republic," declared in a statement here. "The removal of the aggression obviously is both the initial and also the final step—that is, as I have said, the whole essence of the trouble between the two countries."

Investigating Irish Question.

Washington.—Charges that the British government has kept alive and continuously stirred religious hatred in Ireland and has sought through a "reign of terror" to starve that country into submission, brought to a conclusion eight hours of testimony by Miss Mary MacSwiney, sister of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, before the commission of the committee of 100 investigating the Irish question.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bankers have confidence in the live stock industry of the southwest, and will carry stock loans at reasonable rates under an agreement reached at a conference between local bankers and officers of the tenth federal reserve bank, it was announced here.

To Fight Volstead Bill.

Baltimore.—The Volstead act will be the target when the next congress convenes for the fire of Association Against Prohibition Amendment. The volleys will be directed on Washington from all sections of the country, for the organization, in existence for only a few months, has members in every state in the union.

Thousands of residents of New York City are members of the association and will lend their aid in the fight to have the Volstead act repealed or modified.

Washington.—"If you have brandy season the plum pudding or mince meat and make the holidays festive and gay. Go ahead with your Christmas plans, drawing as heavily upon the 'private' stock as demands may warrant. But I wouldn't advise trying to buy brandy for culinary purposes. It can't be easily done." This brief advice to house wives from John F. Kramer, dry law chief, was given to refute erroneous reports that government dry law officers looked disapprovingly upon Yuletide delicacies with an exhilarating punch.

Tom and the High Cost of Christmas Gifts by De Lysle Ferree Cass

WHEN Tom left the farm to go to the city to make his fortune he did it contrary to the ominous head-shaking and phobos of disaster of all the neighbors. Even his father and mother, with past years of toil rapidly beginning to tell upon them, were pessimistic of his chances of success, nor could they resist expressing their forebodings.

The old folks loved their boy too well to reproach him for his desertion now in the first flush of his young manhood, but their hearts did ache at thought of the separation.

"You'll soon get tired of all that hurly-burly there in the city, Tom," his old father told him. "And when you do, I want you always to remember that we're still got a place for you back here at the old homestead. It mayn't be as fine and showy as lots you'll see there in the city, but it's more the sort that the good Lord intended you for. Ma and I are hoping the best for you, son, but—when you do find out that your fortune's not away off there—just pocket your pride and come back here to us who love you."

So young Tom left the farm with shining eyes and a high heart and adventured into the great, far-away city in quest of fame and fortune.

How he fared there and all the sorry disappointments that repeatedly overtook him during that year of absence would be a long and harrowing story to tell. He chased his rainbow to its end, yet found the fabled pot of gold not there as he had so confidently and blantly expected.

Tom made applications for all sorts of office positions only to find himself quickly rejected because of his lack of experience in those specific lines.

"Well, anyway, I'm young and husky and used to hard manual labor," Tom consoled himself. "I can at least get a job with a contracting gang, as a painter, or plumber's assistant, or teamster. That will suffice to keep me going for a while until the sort of position I want turns up."

But even in those lines of work the green country boy found himself suddenly brought up short against a blank wall. He had no references as to past city employment and nobody would hire him after once finding out that he had no union card.

Huddled in his shabby overcoat on a street corner in the squalid section of the city—the icy wind whistling around him and biting through his threadbare garments—poor Tom stood on the evening before Christmas, wondering where he might find a shelter in which to sleep that night without freezing.

Just how long he had stood there, shivering in the chill wind on the street corner—bitterness against the great, unfeeling city rankling in his heart—Tom did not know. He was startled from his moody reverie by hearing a hoarse, wheedling voice at his very elbow, saying what was intended as a confidential tone:

"How'd y'like a nice hot feed and some coin to juggle in yer pants, bo? Ain't hungry, are ya?"

Whirling about, Tom saw that his accoster was an under-sized, burly fellow with a tough, truculent visage and hands shoved deep into the side pockets of his coat. He wore a battered cap with the visor pulled low down over his eyes and spat malevolently upon the sidewalk each time before he spoke.

"How'd y'like the idea, huh?" he reiterated in his raucous, grating voice, sidling closer as he spoke and casting a wary eye up and down the nearly deserted, gloomy, wind-swept street.

Tom regarded him with distaste and undisguised mistrust. He looked like a typical thug. But misery cannot be too fastidious about the company it keeps. Finally Tom scowled blackly and answered:

"What's that to you, anyway?"

"Well, you're outta luck, ain't cha, pal? Yer on yer uppers, stony broke and maybe with an empty belly, too, huh, bo? Well, I guessed that much. I ain't blind yet, I ain't! Well, I need a pal for a little job tonight and we both can make a lotta jack out of it, see?"

"You—you mean—burglary?" Tom muttered hesitantly, with an involuntary contraction of his heart.

"Humph! Not anything like safe-cracking or breaking into a house, I don't. Too many people staying up with the kids over Christmas trees tonight. I ain't keen on takin' fool chances like that. I'm tellin' ya! Naw, this I wantcha for is something soft; safe and easy as falling off a log. You know the big prices people are willing to pay for real booze since the country went dry, don't cha? Well, right near here I know a certain warehouse that's got 20 cases of whisky stored in the basement. Real bonded stuff! The watchman is an old pal o' mine and is willing to let us swtpe it if

we'll split on the coin we get afterwards. I've got another guy with a flivver that's ready to meet us about 2 o'clock this morning to haul away the stuff as fast as we pass it up to him through the alley windows. We've got it all framed for a fake capture and tying up of our other pal, the night watchman, so that the bulls can't get wise to him. We're willing to split four ways on the swag if y' wanta go in on it with us. Whatcha say now, bo, huh? Safe and easy as falling off a log!"

The sinister appearance of the ruffian repelled Tom, and the very thought of the crime they contemplated struck him with fright. It meant jail, disgrace, if they were caught.

"But I—I never have done anything like that in my life," he stammered weakly, teeth chattering in the biting wind. "It would be criminal. The whisky doesn't belong to us. It would be illegal for us even to try to sell it afterwards."

"Fah!" spat the ugly-visaged man, sneeringly. "You look pretty, a bird like youse, talking that way about what's lawful and all that! Lots that these rich guys have cared how you got along since you came to town, from the looks of you! They've got fine, warm homes and coin and everything. Wotta they care whether poor bums like us have to go hungry or freeze in the gutter on Christmas eve? Why should you care about them when they don't give a rap about you? You've got to go on living, ain't cha, huh?"

Tom hunched his shuddering shoulders against the wind, trembling as much because of his own moral irresolution as from the terrible cold.

"Well, bo, how about it? Are y' on or are y' still so almighty particular



"How'd Y'Like the Idea, Huh?"

about how y' handle the stuff belonging to all them rich guys?"

"God!" groaned poor Tom in the abyss of his wretchedness. "Yes, I'll do it! I will! I will!"

The other clapped him roughly on the shoulder with a saturnine leer and attempt at jocular fellowship.

"Well, I thought cha would," he rasped hoarsely. "We'll meet cha at the corner by the lumber yard at 1:30. Don't you fail to be there now!"

"I won't! I'll be there all right!" Tom muttered brokenly. Already in his cringing soul he felt like the thief he had pledged himself to become. Oh heaven, if only—

To kill time until the appointed hour, he dug his numb hands deeper down into his pockets and wandered aimlessly on. He had no particular objective in mind save only the need to keep moving lest he freeze or go mad with the strain of waiting. He shrank from letting himself think of the deed to which he was about to be party.

Involuntarily his dragging footsteps took him back into the more brilliantly lighted retail shopping district, where the crowds already had thinned, hurrying home to their families and happy, expectant kiddies with the holiday celebration in mind.

The hours dragged slowly by. It came near the hour for the stores to close. But still there was time, if poor Tom had only had money, to have rushed in, bought the presents he wanted for the old folks and children, and caught the midnight train back to the country. He easily could reach there by morning and appear as a joyous surprise to them—

But ah! Why drive himself to distraction by thinking of that when there was no chance that—

And right then, suddenly, he espied it lying there, almost at his very feet—a big, fat wallet, with not a person nearer than a hundred yards of him. Plainly someone had lost it in their mad haste to get home.

Tom stopped and scooped it up like a flash. Around the corner he surreptitiously examined it. Bills—both green and yellow, of large denominations—they fairly stuffed it! There were seven hundred dollars or more—a small fortune to the miserable boy who had not even eaten for fourteen hours. Money! Money! Money!

Far more than he possibly could need even in his most extravagant dreams. With a gurgling cry, Tom stuffed the wad of bills into his trousers pocket, threw away the fine leather purse and made a mad dash for the nearest department store.

No need now to keep his sinister, criminal appointment—no more necessity for—

But the most gladsome feature of young Tom's homecoming that next day was his blushing announcement to the old folks that he had had enough of the big city; that he had come home to stay, as they had prayed he would.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

IN THE SHOPS.

"This is such an exciting time of the year," said the big toy boat to the little toy submarine. "This is the time when children come and look at us. What an honor it is, too, to be in the window."

"Of course, toy submarine, I can understand why you would be put in a window. You're a very modern, up-to-date sort of toy. And I'm an old-fashioned kind of toy. That is, they have had boats such as I am in shops before Christmas time for years and years and years."

"Well, you're always loved, that's what it means to be a boat such as you," said the toy submarine.

"Every year," said the big toy boat, "I've heard that the toys in the shops get pretty excited as Christmas time comes."

"They don't know just whether they'll be chosen by parents or whether Santa Claus will come back and get some of them on the night before Christmas or just what will happen."

"You see," the big toy boat continued, "some of us will be chosen by the daddies and mothers. Others will be bought by boys and girls for other boys and girls who are their friends."

"And then a great many of us will be taken back by Santa Claus on the night before Christmas as he is on his rounds, and sometimes he will get a good many several nights in advance as he knows the night before Christmas is such a busy night."

"The great majority of us he made and then let the shops have us, for he is such a great toy maker. And when I say the great majority I mean the greatest number of us."

"Yes, he comes and gets many of us for he has an agreement or arrangement such as that with the shop keepers."

"Now there are a number of the same old friends here this year as



in a Bathtub.

usual. That is, there are dolls just like dolls who were here last year. They may not be the same ones but they are of the same family of dolls. And there are trains such as there were before and have been for years and years. And there are always boats such as I am made each year.

"There are toy animals, too—Santa Claus makes the same kinds which he knows are always popular and which will always be liked. And, oh, I'm so glad children still like boats. There are some of our nice little relatives, too—the sailing boats. They are of all sizes. Some are small enough to sail in a bathtub. They're so small they won't know that the bathtub isn't a big ocean."

"Well," said the submarine, "I found out on coming here that there were many Christmas shops. Yes, lots and lots of them. I don't suppose I should say Christmas shops but I should say top shops, and they're especially fine at Christmas time."

"Santa Claus made me in his workshop just as he did a great many like me. I thought to myself when he made me that there certainly must have been a lot who asked for our family, for in addition to the ones he made in answer to special requests he made so many of us for the shops."

"Then I found out how many shops there were. Oh, there are just loads and loads of toy shops."

"And we're only in one of them."

"True," said the big toy boat, "we couldn't be in more than one shop at a time. But it's great to be a part of any toy shop around Christmas time."

"It must certainly be great," said the toy submarine.

"They've asked for some of our family, too," said a pair of skates. "Yes, and many of us went to the different toy shops for this Christmas time."

"And they asked for us," said a whole lot of sleds in a corner of the shop. "Yes, the old sled friends haven't been forgotten."

"They asked for us, too," said some hockey sticks.

And all the tops began to say that they were asked for, too. And also many of them had been already spoken for as Christmas presents for certain boys and girls.

So every toy in the shop was extremely happy to think it belonged to such an exciting time of the year and that there were so many toy shops, so that it gave them all a chance.

Still Hungry.

Tom Tightwad—Hasn't this been a nice little dinner?

The Girl—Yes, indeed. Very nice and very little.